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Gilderoy

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GILDEROY.

Gilderoy was a bonny boy, had roses on his shoon,
His stockings made of the finest silk his garter hanging
down,

O 'twere a comely sight to see he were so trim a boy,¹
He was my joy and heart's delight, my handsome Gilderoy,

O such a charming eye he had, his breath sweet as a rose
He never wore a highland plaid but costly silken clothes;
He gain'd the love of ladies gay, there's none to him was
coy,

Ah! woe is me, I mourn the day, for my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born in a town together,
Not passing seven years ago we did love each other,
Our daddies and our mammies were each with mickle joy
To think upon the bridal day 'twixt me and Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy that love of mine good faith I'd freely bought
A wedding sark of Holland fine with silken flowers wrought
And he gave me a wedding ring which I received with joy
No lads & lasses e'er could sing like me and Gilderoy.

With mickle joy we spent our time till we were both fifteen
Then gently he laid me down among the leaves so green,
When he had done what he did do he rose and gang'd his
way,

But ever since I loved the man my handsome Gilderoy.

While we together both did play, he kiss'd me o'er and o'er
Gude day it was, as blithe a day as e'er I saw before;
He filled my heart in every vein, with love and mickle joy
But when shall I behold again my handsome Gilderoy.

'Tis a pity a man should e'er be hanged, that take up
women's gear, (mare,
Or for their pilfering sheep or calf, or stealing cows or
Had not our laws been made so strict, I'ze ne'er had lost
my joy,

Who was my joy and heart's delight my handsome Gilderoy

'Cause Gilderoy had done amiss, I must be punished then,
What kind of cruelty is this to hang such sort of men;
The flower of all the Scottish land, a sweet and lovely boy
He had likewise a lady's hand my handsome Gilderoy.

To Leith they took my Gilderoy, and there got wot they
tried him, (hanged him,
Carried him to fair Edinburgh, and there got wot they
They hanged him up above the rest, he was so trim a boy,
My only love and heart's delight my handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath, in a cyprus he was laid
Then for my dearest after death a funeral I made,
Over his grave a marble stone I fixed for my joy,
There to moan and weep alone for my handsome Gilderoy